A Missed Opportunity.

I had never thought of her; we walked
With June underfoot and overhead.
I had never thought of her; we talked;
And I never noticed what we said.

I fell on flowers with my lout's long feet;
I shocked the solemn old oaks with laughter;
I droned of weather, the way, the wheat;
Her glance said shyly, And what comes after?

Kind counsels dropped from a clement sky;
The way was made, as it were, for two;
I could only hear the crickets cry;
She heard, higher up, the white doves coo.

I—eighteen, crude and ashamed to please;
She—eighteen, ripe, with a looking-glass!
The birds sang love to her in the trees,
And the crickets hissed me in the grass!

She rifled berries in many a bush,
The white arm flashed in many a turn;
A sunbeam broke on it like a blush;
I watched a plover rise from the fern.

A brook ran rollicking on our way;
We stopped a moment and as we stood
The sweet, warm, amorous air of May
Hymned Hymen, Hymen throughout the wood.

Her voice had tender and timid tones,
And a frightened laugh and a laughing scream;
Her fine feet flew on the stepping-stones;
I watched the trout turn against the stream

I found not a thing to say—and talked;
I heard her sigh and I saw her smile;
She was beside me, and as we walked
I wished it was over all the while!

We had left the woods ere I saw the red,
Meek mouth, and the face's sea-shell tints;
"Let's think no more of it, then, she said—
And I have thought of it ever since.

The Net of Life.

Wearily I sit and weave
The tangling web of life,
The pattern which my hands have wrought
Is but a bit of color fraught
With daily, hourly strife.

Longingly I seek to trace
The inwove threads I span,
To know how this and that unite
For bringing forth the figure bright
That forms the perfect plan.

Rapidly the shuttle flies
When heart and hope are mine;
When on the loom the sunlight pours,
The flecks of gold, like summer flowers,
In wondrous beauty shine.

Gloomily the fingers move,
Dark-tinted is the work,
When 'mong the threads an evil knot—
Envy and malice—love forgot,
Doth unexpected lurk.

Patiently, with tear-dimmed eye,
I weave in sorrow's day;
Scarce can I tell what threads I hold—
I only know that grief untold
Hides all but sodden gray.

Trustfully I sit and weave,
I know 'tis mine to do,
That which He gives into my hand—
Complete in Him who wisely planned—
Shall be the pattern true.

—*Lydia B. Newcomb, in Chicago Advance.*

HID IN A TURF-RICK.

An Irish Episode.

"The Irish are a fine race!"

"That's your opinion, is it?"

The speakers were myself and Ellerslie, Captain in the Royal Engineers, or the "Sappers," as we called them in popular phraseology. Place, the smoking-room of the R. A. mess at Woolwich. Time, anywhere in the small hours. When I say that of the above sentences the first was spoken by me, I shall be in a position to plunge at once *n medias res*.

After uttering the above oracular answer, Ellerslie puffed away silently at his long Havana for awhile. I did not interrupt him, for I saw a twinkle in his eye, and knew there was something coming presently. He was one of those men whose thoughts it is not well to hurry, for fear of losing their thread altogether.

At last it came, as I anticipated.

"I don't think I ever told you, did I, of my adventures in that lovely country? In fact, the story is so much against myself, that I thought it just as well to keep it dark. However, if you will swear solemnly to be 'silent as the grave,' I don't mind telling you now. At all events, it is not a bad joke as it turned out, though it might have been a serious one."

Of course I promised inviolable secrecy, however good the story might be, and, having fortified myself with a brandy-and-soda, Ellerslie began:

"I dare say you know that in the spring of 187– I was sent to Ireland on special service to see about building new barracks in two or three places where they were needed, especially at Longford, where the Government had at that time an idea of quartering a whole cavalry regiment, though now I believe they have come down to one troop of Scots Grays. I was rather pleased with the commission, for I had never been to the Emerald Isle before, and saw my way to a pleasant little excursion at Government expense. Of course, as all my disbursements en route were to be paid for me by the liberality of my country, I chose the most convenient way of getting to my destination, and traveled, via Euston and Holyhead, by the night mail, the Wild Irishman, I believe they call it.

"We left Euston at 8:25 p. m. I didn't feel much inclined to sleep, and you know I am a great smoker, so I turned into a compartment sacred to the consumption of the soothing weed. There was only one occupant besides myself, a man of about forty, well dressed, but not, to my mind, a gentleman. Indeed, at first sight I put him down to be what he was, a well-to-do Irish farmer returning from a business trip to town, and indulging himself in the unwonted luxury of a first-class carriage.

"Whatever other faults those Irish have, they are certainly a most friendly race. By the time we got to Rugby I had told my fellow-traveler all about my projected plans for seeing his native country, and found that he rejoiced in the name of Cormack, and lived in the County of Westmeath, not far from the Longford boundary. Before we reached Chester we were sworn friends, and by the time we arrived at Holyhead I had promised to pay him a visit during my stay in his part of the country. This visit it was which gave me such a taste of Irish customs as I could very well have dispensed with.

"Not to delay too long, I shall pass over all the incidents of my first fortnight or so in the Emerald Isle, they being no doubt exactly what any one else would have experienced under like circumstances. At length I reached Longford, got through my work there, and determined to call on my new-made friend, for which purpose I took a train to a little station called Edgeworthtown, and there obtained an outside car with a lean horse and a very ragged driver, who undertook for the sum of eighteen pence per double mile (Irish) to convey me to my destination. As to the name of said destination, I dare not venture on it. It began with the usual "Bally," ended, I think, with a "y" and had, I fancy, about four syllables between, of a nature utterly unpronounceable to English lips. Suffice it to say that we got there at length, and pulled up at the door of a very respectable slated farm-house, with thatched out-buildings and a well-kept grass field, on which two or three young colts were feeding, of a slimness of limb and beauty of make that proclaimed their owner a racing man.

"The said owner met me at the door with an effusive welcome, and asked me into a well furnished parlor, the taste of whose ornaments contrasted favorably with what I should have expected in the house of an English farmer of the same rank. Presently the mistress of the house and a pretty, fresh looking daughter entered and shook hands with me with native politeness. I expressed a wish to see the farm, and Cormack readily offered to show it to me, first, however, saying a few words in a low tone to his wife, who went out of the room. A moment after I heard wheels driving away outside.

"'Only the car, Yer Honor,' said Cormack, in answer to my look of inquiry. 'I made free to send it away for ye; it's with us ye'll be stopping now, plase God.'

"It was true enough. My faithless Jehu having been paid in advance by me had been only too ready to depart, and unless I chose to walk back to Edgeworthtown, which I did not feel inclined to do, I was to all intents and purposes a fixture. At first I was inclined to be annoyed, but the exquisite naiveness of the whole proceeding amused me, and I was really flattered by the solicitude of my would-be host; so, after a few half remonstrances, I was induced to write a telegram for my baggage, which Cormack confided to a young imp who appeared to be doing odd jobs about the place, bidding him 'run over to the Post-office and give it to Mister Moran himself and tell him its immediate.'

"I stayed some little time at the Cormacks', seeing the country in company with my host, and forming my ideas of Irish political economy as it is, and as it should be, which, being rather a hobby of mine, I won't now trouble you with. There was a gentleman's family living in the neighborhood, which I soon made the acquaintance of, as in that out-of-the-way locality the arrival of a stranger was as great an event as that of a foreign potentate in London. Several afternoons I spent pleasantly at 'the big house,' playing lawn-tennis with the young ladies of the place, whom I found to be far more proficient in the art than their English sisters, probably from the solitude of their country life having obliged them to concentrate their energies on that particular form of amusement.

"One day that I had been spending in the above manner, and on which I had accepted a kind invitation to dinner *en famille*, I noticed that Mr. M seemed more absent than usual, and a trifle quick-tempered as though he had been annoyed by something or somebody. When the ladies had left us, and we were sitting over the usual post-prandial bottle of wine, he took a letter from his pocket and showed it to me.

"'That's the kind of thing we have to put up with here, Mr. Ellerslie,' said he. 'You mustn't go away with your ideas of the country too much *couleur de rose*.'

"*That* was in truth a strange production. It was written, or rather laboriously printed, on a sheet of coarse paper, headed by a rough but spirited drawing of coffins and bell-mouthed blunderbuses. Below was the following composition, of which I made a copy out of curiosity:

"'M. M. DONT. GO. TO. MOTE. OR. I. WIL. B. YOOR. END . ꟻET. IT. B. RIT . OR . WRONG . ꟻET . PꝩT . HIGGINS . STꝩY . AT . OME.'*

"I looked at my host for an explanation.

"'It is a threatening letter,' said he, 'and not the first, either, that I have received. The printing is easy enough to read, on the phonographic principle, with the caution that most of the A's and L's are upside down. The meaning is, that one of my tenants having, against my express orders, plowed up a grass-field, I have given him notice to quit, and went into Moate yesterday to consult my attorney as to what compensation I was obliged to pay under the Irish Land Act. I got this the day before. I am not personally much afraid of the fellows; but it is very annoying; and I am always on thorns lest one of those letters should reach my wife; it would almost frighten her to death, I fancy.'

"'You met with no interruption going into Moate, I suppose?' said I.

"'No; but I took my precautions. I got a policeman on my car and drove in by a roundabout route. It isn't a pleasant way of doing things, is it?'

"I quite agreed with Mr. M. that it was not, and expressed my surprise that the author of the letter could not be brought to justice.

"'You don't know the Irish, Mr. Ellerslie. There is not a soul about here who would not swear black was white rather than be the means of convicting a neighbor. You know yourself how completely the police system failed over so daring an offense as the murder of the late Lord Leitrim. With such people as witnesses and jury, what is to be done? For my own part, I have no doubt that Mr. Pat Higgins himself wrote the letter; but hunting up evidence would be hopeless.'

"A sudden thought struck me. I had seen that the last few words of the document were lighter in color, as if they had been blotted. If so, would there not remain an impression on the blotting paper?

"I don't know what evil spirit took possession of me at this juncture, unless—I own it with contrition—it were that of inordinate self-conceit. Should I be able to get enough evidence myself, I should certainly derive much credit for sagacity, and have an excellent story for my friends in England on my return. With this end in view I said nothing of my happy thought, determined to work it out myself.

"Next morning, having found out the locality of Higgins's cottage from Cormack, I went to make a call there. The sole occupant of the tenement when I arrived there was a wrinkled old woman sitting on a three-legged stool and smoking a black clay pipe. She looked at me suspiciously, but her native hospitality forbade her to refuse me a seat. For the first time I felt some qualms of conscience at the character of my errand, but these were speedily dissipated by the sight, in the corner of the large open hearth, of the very thing I was seeking—a piece of dirty blotting-paper crumpled up into a ball. To be sure there was no telling how long the paper might have laid there, still I felt a conviction that it was the object of my search.

"The devices to which I resorted to get possession of that mute piece of evidence were worthy of a detective policeman. I maneuvered my chair closer to it under pretense of feeling a draught, though with the unpleasant consciousness that the old woman did not believe me. Fortune, however, favored me at last in the shape of a fierce contest between an old sow and a dog just outside of the door, which made the crone hobble out briskly to separate the combatants. She was not gone long, but I had plenty of time during her absence to secrete the paper. As soon as I decently could afterward I took my leave.

"The moment I was out of sight of the door I opened my prize, and found it to be what I hoped—a fairly good inverted copy of the threatening letter. Of course the last words were the most distinct, but on the whole it was a very pretty piece of prima facia evidence against Mr. Pat Higgins.

"I presented the paper to Mr. M——, who praised my sagacity and thanked me warmly for my exertions in his behalf. That same evening I made a deposition before a Magistrate who lived near by, and, much to his surprise, Higgins was arrested.

"Now I come to the unlucky portion of my story. How my share in the foregoing proceedings got about I don't know, but a day or two after this I found a great change in Cormack's manner toward me. Hitherto he had been hospitality itself; now he seemed anxious to get me to leave his house, though he was as studiously polite in hiding his wishes as the most finished gentleman could have been. Of course, however, I could not stop longer with a man who was tired of me, and I signified to him accordingly my attention of leaving him. He appeared to me somewhat relieved by the news.

"I dined at Mr. M's the night before my departure, after a farewell game of tennis with the ladies, and did not leave the house till nearly dusk. As I was walking back to Cormack's I noticed footsteps behind me, and looking round, saw that I was followed by a small body of men all armed with sticks. Not wishing them to come up with me I quickened my pace a little. They did the same, and closed on me somewhat.

"I had to pass a sharp town on the road. Just as I neared the hedge, and for the moment lost sight of my followers, I saw a woman on the other side close to me. Leaning forward, she said, eagerly, 'Run for yer life, sir; its you they're after.' Before I could reply she had sunk down behind the hedge again as my pursuers came in sight.

I hope, if ever there be any chance of holding my own, that I shall not be found ready to run away; but when followed by a dozen men with sticks it is about the only thing that can be done, so I trust I may be pardoned for taking to my heels.

"The men instantly followed at full speed, and for a time the pace was hot; but having still my tennis shoes on, and being naturally swift of foot, I soon distanced them, and they were a good half mile behind when I reached Cormack's door.

"Cormack himself was standing on the threshold. At one glance he took in the situation, having probably had some previous information as to what was going to happen. With a mutttered oath he seized me by the arm and hurried me through the house and into the yard at the back. There was a rick of turf there which had that day been opened, leaving a small aperture in the smooth continuity of its rows.

"'Get in there, sir,' said Cormack, 'and you, Pat' (addressing his son who was working in the yard when we entered), 'build up the clamp again, while I go and lock the door. An' if ye tell the boys where the gentleman is, ye're no son of mine.'

"The case was not one which admitted of parleying. I got into the rick, and Pat built up the outside turf with marvelous celerity. There was room enough for air and sound to enter through the interstices between the sods, but the dust nearly choked me. However, I was glad enough of even that refuge when I heard the storm of curses that broke from my pursuers, as, having at length burst open the door, they poured into the yard.

"'So help me God!' I could hear Cormack saying, 'I let him out at the back door, boys. Was I to let the gentleman be murdered in me own house, an' he staying there?'

"Furiously enough, as I thought, the angry men admitted the plea, but all now turned upon Pat to know which way I had gone. He gave them most minute directions as to the route I had taken, and, after a hurried search of the house and yard, they started off in pursuit.

"When they were out of sight Pat unpacked me. By this time I was almost fainting from the suffocating dust and smell of the turf, and I was glad to sit down in the kitchen and have a draught of buttermilk. Meanwhile Cormack had saddled one one of his horses and brought it round to the door.

"'Get up on that horse, sir,' said he, 'and ride as hard as you can to the police-station at Bally——; it's the only place ye'll be safe in, after this. I'll send on yer luggage there for ye. I've saved ye this day because ye were stopping in me own house; but only for that I wouldn't have put a finger to help ye, for an English informer as ye are. So there's no thanks due to me.'

"I attempted a few words of explanation and gratitude, but I confess to feeling decidedly 'small' as I rode away, and inwardly took a vow never to interfere with other people's business again.

"I sent my late host a check afterward for what I considered a fair sum for my fortnight's board and lodging, with a letter expressing my sense of obligation to him, and my wish to have made him a present, to remember me by, did I not fear to offend him. The check was returned without a word.

"I was obliged to attend the trial of Pat Higgins, who, rather to my satisfaction, was triumphantly acquitted by a jury of my compatriots, so that all my trouble and danger had been incurred for nothing. After that you won't wonder that I am not very proud of the story, and don't want it to go beyond you."

"Who was the woman who warned you?" asked I; "did you ever find out?"

"She was Cormack's daughter, and was engaged to Pat Higgins, as I found out afterward," answered Ellerslie. "After that I think you will agree with me that the Irish are a peculiar race."

"Shall I tell you what I think was the most peculiar thing in the whole story?" said I.

"Well?"

"Sending back your check."—*Celtic Monthly*.

* *Translation.*—"M—— M——: Don't go to Moate, or I will be your end. Let it be right or wrong, let Pat Higgins stay at home." The above is an exact copy of a threatening letter in the author's possession.

Music Hath Charms.

"Towards the latter part of the War," said the Colonel, "bands became rather scarce in the Confederate service, and we were rarely regaled with the strains of martial music unless it was from the Federal forces. On the retreat from Sharpsburg, during a brief halt, the weary soldiers, as was their custom, flung themselves down on either side of the road for what rest they could get. Just at this juncture came trudging down the center of the road a solitary musician with a big bass drum slung over his shoulder. His appearance excited the liveliest emotions among the boys, which finally found vent through a tall, tallow-faced North Carolinian, who bringing his piece to the ready, halted the astonished musician, at the same time brawling out, 'Say, mister, can't you come down here a piece an' play something kinder soothing on that air thing—for a sick man?'"—*Boston Commercial*.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write:
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copybook is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't go at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the u's
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted;
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and, oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says little by little
To the mountain tops we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so, where's my pen?

—*Carlotta Perry, in Wide Awake.*

CHARLEY BENNET'S GHOST STORY.

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
As well as any greater thing."

sang little Al Smith, in a loud, shrill voice.

"Very good sentiment, but very poor rhyme," drawled Hen Rowe (whose father was a poet), patting the singer's flaxen head in a patronizing manner.

"Talking of stealing," said Charley Bennet, dropping the pumpkin he was turning into a lantern, "did I ever tell you fellers about the time I went down to old Pop Robins's to steal apples, and came back past the barn where the horse-thief hung himself years and years ago, 'cause he knew the constables—they called 'em constables in those times—were after him, and that he'd be hung by some body else if he didn't? No? Here's a ghost story for you, then, and I hope it will be a warning to you all never to take any thing that doesn't belong to you, 'specially apples.

"You see, Bill Evans and I were staying with our folks at the hotel in Bramblewood that summer, and about two miles away was Pop Robins's farm. He used to bring eggs and chickens and vegetables and fruit to the hotel; and, oh my! wasn't he stingy?—you'd better believe it. He wouldn't even give you two or three blackberries, and if you asked him for an apple, he'd tremble all over. A reg'lar old miser *he* was, with lots of money, and a bully apple orchard. 'Let's go there some night and help ourselves,' says Billy Evans, one day. 'Dogs,' says I. 'Only one,' says he; 'I know him, and so do you—old Snaggletooth. I gave him almost all the meat we took for crab-bait the day we didn't catch any.' 'All right,' says I.

"But when the night we'd agreed on came, Billy had cousins—girls—down from New York, and he had to stay home and entertain them. I don't care much for girls myself, and I was afraid they might want me to help entertain them too, so I made up my mind to go down to Pop Robins's alone. It was a splendid night; the moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as day. I scudded along, whistling away, until I got within half a mile of the orchard and then I stopped my noise and walked as softly as possible, till I came to the first apple-tree. I shinned up that tree in a jiffy (old Snaggletooth didn't put in an appearance), filled my bag with jolly fat apples, and slid down again. But when I came to lift the bag up on my shoulder, I found it was awful heavy to carry so far, and I was just agoing to dump some of the apples out, when I remembered all of a sudden that if I cut across the meadow to the plank-road, I could get back to the hotel in a little more than half the time it would take to go the way I came.

"So I shouldered my load, and was nearly across the meadow before I thought of the haunted barn at the end of it. It wasn't a nice thing to remember; but I wasn't agoing to turn back, ghost or no ghost, and I tried to whistle again, when all at once that thing Al Smith was singing just now popped into my head, and says I to myself, 'That's so, Charles F. Bennet; you and your chums may think it's great fun to help yourselves to other people's apples and watermelons and such things, but it's just as much stealing as though you went into a man's house and stole his coat.' It doesn't seem as bad when you're going for 'em; but when you're coming back, up a lonely road, all alone, at 10 o'clock at night, a lot of stolen apples on your back, and a haunted barn not far off, it seems *worse*.

"All the same, I held on to the apples. And when I faced the barn I determined I'd whistle if I died in the attempt; but, boys, I don't believe any body could have told *that* 'Yankee Doodle' from 'Auld Lang Syne.' I tell you my heart jumped when I passed the tumble-down old place; but it *stood still*, when, as I marched up the plank road, I heard a step behind me. I wheeled around in an instant, but there was nothing to be seen. The moon shone as bright as ever, but there was nothing to be seen! 'I must have imagined it,' says I to myself, and I walked a little faster, listening with all my might, and sure enough pat, pat, pat, came the step after me. Again I wheeled round. Not a thing did I see. And again I started on, the apples growing heavier and heavier. Pat, pat, pat, came the step. It wasn't like a human step. That made it more dreadful. 'It *must* be the ghost,' I thought; and I don't mind telling you, fellers. I never was so frightened in my life. The time I fell overboard was nothing to it. I made up my mind, when I reached the bridge that crossed a little brook near our hotel, I'd streak it (I hadn't exactly run yet, for I was saving my strength till the last). But before I got to the bridge says I to myself—and I must have said it out loud, though I didn't mean to—'Perhaps he wants the apples.'

"'Apples!' repeated a hoarse voice, with a horrid laugh.

"I tell you, boys, those apples flew, and I flew too. Over the bridge I went like lightning, and ran right into Barney Reardon, one of the stable-men, who was coming to look for me. 'Something has followed me,' I gasped, 'from the haunted barn—the ghost!' 'Did you see it?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'though I turned round a dozen times to look for it. But I heard it pat, pat, pat, behind me all the way.' 'And it's behind you now,' says Barney, bursting into a loud laugh. I jumped about six feet. 'There it is,' says Barney, roaring again, and pointing to Pop Robins's tame raven! The sly old thing looked up at me, nodded its shining black head, croaked 'Apples!' and walked off. It had followed me from the barn, and, every time I wheeled quickly round, it hopped just as quickly behind me, and so of course I saw nothing but the long road and the moonlight on it. But I never want to be so scared again, and if ever any of you boys go for any thing belonging to other people, don't you count me in."

"What became of the apples?" asked Jerry O'Neil.

"If you'd a been there I could have told you," said Charley.—*Mrs. Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young Folks.*

The Indian As An Advertiser.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to prevent the use of the United States flag for advertising purposes. When that is put through successfully and the old flag secured from further desecration at the hands of advertisers, there is another wrong that we desire to see corrected. The poor, patient, wooden Injun has been obliged for many years—almost ever since Sir Walter Raleigh's day—to stand guard in front of tobacco stores, advertising the weed. There he stands through the heat of summer and amid wintry storms, with the outward stoicism of his race, but who can tell the anguish that burns within that timber bosom when he reflects upon his degradation. Boys take liberties with him and cuff him, drunken men come along and try to shake hands with him, small jokers pretend to take a cigar from his outstretched hand. At night he is roughly and joltingly wheeled into the shop and stood in a corner, without even a bench to stretch his weary form upon. Often his nose is knocked off, or an eye gouged out, while it is not uncommon to find an arm and even a leg gone. Now, the Indian is a relic of a bygone America. A pretty lively relic on the frontier occasionally, still a relic. He is all that remains to show what race of people inhabited this country before the white men came, and viewed in that light he is entitled to reverence and a show of dignity. Let not his noble form be submitted to such base tobacco uses any longer. Give the wooden Indian a rest.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A HOUSE of ice, similar to that which was built in the Empress Anne's reign, is about to be constructed in the Zoological Garden at Moscow. The managers of that establishment have found among its archives some valuable details as to the mode of building which was adopted on the former occasion, and they will be adhered to in the present instance. The first edifice was raised between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in 1740, and was formed throughout—walls, roofs, windows, decorations, alike—of ice. The blocks were cut in a square shape and their surfaces sprinkled with water, which, when placed in juxtaposition, froze in the interstices and bound the whole into one compact and solid mass. At the entrance of the structure was a large gallery filled with statues. The pilasters on the exterior were fashioned to imitate green marbles. The antechamber possessed four windows and the other rooms five each, while on the sills stood vases filled with flowers made of ice, shrub-like plants, covered with birds of the same material, standing at the corners. Clock-cases, chairs, tables, wardrobes, utensils, candelabras, beds, were all of ice.

AN old farmer says that, for his part, he don't know where the present rage for trimming bonnets with birds is going to end. Only four or five years ago he bought his daughter a hummingbird; next year she wanted a robin, the next a pheasant, and this season he declares he had to chain up his Thanksgiving turkey or she'd have had that perched on top of her head.—*Andrews' Bazar.*